

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD: CHAPTER XXII. THE SEA STILL RISES.

HAGGARD Saint Antoine had had only one exultant week, in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread to such extent as he could, with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations, when Madame Defarge sat at her counter, as usual, presiding over the customers. Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head, for the great brotherhood of Spies had become, even in one short week, extremely chary of trusting themselves to the saint's mercies. The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them.

Madame Defarge, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine-shop and the street. In both, there were several knots of loungers, squalid and miserable, but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggedest night-cap, awry on the wretchedest head, had this crooked significance in it: "I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support life in myself; but do you know how easy it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to destroy life in you?" Every lean bare arm, that had been without work before, had this work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear. There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine; the image had been hammering into this for hundreds of years, and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

"Hark!" said The Vengeance. "Listen, then! Who comes?"

As if a train of powder laid from the outermost bound of the Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine-

shop door, had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

"It is Defarge," said madame. "Silence, patriots!"

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked around him. "Listen, everywhere!" said madame again. "Listen to him!" Defarge stood, panting, against a background of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine-shop had sprung to their feet.

"Say then, my husband. What is it?"

"News from the other world!"

"How, then?" cried madame, contemptuously. "The other world?"

"Does everybody here recal old Foulon, who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died, and went to Hell?"

"Everybody!" from all throats.

"The news is of him. He is among us!"

"Among us!" from the universal throat again. "And dead?"

"Not dead! He feared us so much—and with reason—that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock-funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! Had he reason?"

Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten, if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

"Patriots!" said Defarge, in a determined voice, "are we ready?"

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle; the drum was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic; and The Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down into the streets; but, the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such house-

hold occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another, and themselves, to madness with the wildest cries and actions. Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! Then, a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming, Foulon alive! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! O mother of God, this Foulon! O Heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father: I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands, and brothers, and young men, Give us the blood of Foulon, Give us the head of Foulon, Give us the heart of Foulon, Give us the body and soul of Foulon, Rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground, that grass may grow from him! With these cries, numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own friends until they dropped in a passionate swoon, and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled under foot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the Hôtel de Ville, and might be loosed. Never, if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast, and drew even these last dregs after them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the Hall of examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the Hall.

"See!" cried madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Ha, ha! That was well done. Let him eat it now!" Madame put her knife under her arm, and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighbouring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarly, during two or three hours of drawl, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvellous quickness, at a distance: the more readily, because certain men who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph

between her and the crowd outside the building.

At length, the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray, as of hope or protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The favour was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long, went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly, to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace—Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied—The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall, like birds of prey from their high perches—when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Down, and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees; now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy; now, full of vehement agony of action, with a small clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go—as a cat might have done to a mouse—and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready, and while he besought her: the women passionately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was merciful and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.

Nor was this the end of the day's bad work, for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up, that it boiled again, on hearing when the day closed in that the son-in-law of the despatched, another of the people's enemies and insulters, was coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong, in cavalry alone. Saint Antoine wrote his crimes on flaming sheets of paper, seized him—would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company—set his head and heart on pikes, and carried the three spoils of the day, in Wolf-procession through the streets.

Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children, wailing and breadless. Then, the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting to buy bad bread; and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty, they beguiled the

time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually, these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away; and then poor lights began to shine in high windows, and slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbours cooked in common, afterwards supping at their doors.

Scanty and insufficient suppers those, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet, human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands, and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them. Fathers and mothers who had had their full share in the worst of the day, played gently with their meagre children; and lovers, with such a world around them and before them, loved and hoped.

It was almost morning, when Defarge's wine-shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monsieur Defarge said to madame his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door:

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"Eh well!" returned madame. "Almost."

Saint Antoine slept, the Defarges slept: even The Vengeance slept with her starved grocer, and the drum was at rest. The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine, that blood and hurry had not changed. The Vengeance, as custodian of the drum, could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastille fell, or old Foulon was seized; not so with the hoarse tones of the men and women in Saint Antoine's bosom.

CHAPTER XXIII. FIRE RISES.

THERE was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body, together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore; there were soldiers to guard it, but not many; there were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them knew what his men would do—beyond this: that it would probably not be what he was ordered.

Far and wide, lay a ruined country, yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shrivelled and poor as the miserable people. Everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them—all worn out.

Monseigneur (often a most worthy individual gentleman) was a national blessing, gave a chivalrous tone to things, was a polite example of luxurious and shining life, and a great deal more to equal purpose; nevertheless, Monseigneur as a class had, somehow or other, brought things to this. Strange that Creation, designed expressly for Monseigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something short-sighted in the eternal arrangements, surely!

Thus it was, however; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flints, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But, this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by, Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasures of the chase—now, found in hunting the people; now, found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of barbarous and barren wilderness. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high-caste, chiselled, and otherwise beatified and beatifying features of Monseigneur.

For, in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary, in the dust, not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it—in these times, as he raised his eyes from his lonely labour and viewed the prospect, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts, but was now a frequent presence. As it advanced, the mender of roads would discern without surprise, that it was a shaggy-haired man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads, grim, rough, swart, steeped in the mud and dust of many highways, dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds, sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many byways through woods.

Such a man came upon him, like a ghost, at noon in the July weather, as he sat on his heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail.

The man looked at him, looked at the village in the hollow, at the mill, and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what benighted mind he had, he said, in a dialect that was just intelligible:

"How goes it, Jacques?"

"All well, Jacques."

"Touch then!"

They joined hands, and the man sat down on the heap of stones.

"No dinner?"

"Nothing but supper now," said the mender of roads, with a hungry face.

"It is the fashion," growled the man. "I meet no dinner anywhere."

He took out a blackened pipe, filled it, lighted it with flint and steel, pulled at it until it was in a bright glow: then, suddenly held it from him and dropped something into it from between his finger and thumb, that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

"Touch then." It was the turn of the

mender of roads to say it this time, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.

"To-night?" said the mender of roads.

"To-night," said the man, putting the pipe in his mouth.

"Where?"

"Here."

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with the hail driving in between them like a pigmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

"Show me!" said the traveller then, moving to the brow of the hill.

"See!" returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. "You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain——"

"To the Devil with all that!" interrupted the other, rolling his eye over the landscape. "I go through no streets and past no fountains. Well?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

"Good. When do you cease to work?"

"At sunset."

"Will you wake me, before departing? I have walked two nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe, and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?"

"Surely."

The wayfarer smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road-mender plied his dusty labour, and the hail-clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now, in place of his blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. His eyes were so often turned towards it, that he used his tools mechanically, and, one would have said, to very poor account. The bronze face, the shaggy black hair and beard, the coarse woollen red cap, the rough medley dress of homespun stuff and hairy skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by spare living, and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep, inspired the mender of roads with awe. The traveller had travelled far, and his feet were footsore, and his ankles chafed and bleeding; his great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been heavy to drag over the many long leagues, and his clothes were chafed into holes, as he himself was into sores. Stooping down beside him, the road-mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or where not; but, in vain, for he slept with his arms crossed upon him, and set as resolutely as his lips. Fortified towns with their stockades, guard-houses, gates, trenches, and drawbridges, seemed, to the mender of roads, to be so much air as against this figure. And when he lifted his eyes from it to the horizon and looked around, he saw in his small fancy similar

figures, stopped by no obstacle, tending to centres all over France.

The man slept on, indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness, to sunshine on his face and shadow, to the pattering lumps of dull ice on his body and the diamonds into which the sun changed them, until the sun was low in the west, and the sky was glowing. Then, the mender of roads having got his tools together and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

"Good!" said the sleeper, rising on his elbow.

"Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself in among the lean kine brought there to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper, it did not creep to bed, as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A curious contagion of whispering was upon it, and also, when it gathered together at the fountain in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his house-top alone, and looked in that direction too; glanced down from behind his chimneys at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sacristan who kept the keys of the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin by-and-by.

The night deepened. The trees environing the old château, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they threatened the pile of building massive and dark in the gloom. Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly, and beat at the great door, like a swift messenger rousing those within; uneasy rushes of wind went through the hall, among the old spears and knives, and passed lamenting up the stairs, and shook the curtains of the bed where the last Marquis had slept. East, West, North, and South, through the woods, four heavy-treading, unkempt figures crushed the high grass and cracked the branches, striding on cautiously to come together in the court-yard. Four lights broke out there, and moved away in different directions, and all was black again.

But, not for long. Presently, the château began to make itself strangely visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then, a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, picking out transparent places, and showing where balustrades, arches, and windows were. Then it soared higher, and grew broader and brighter. Soon, from a score of the great windows, flames burst forth, and the stone faces, awakened, stared out of fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there

was saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, Gabelle! Help every one!" The tocsin rang impatiently, but other help (if that were any) there was none. The mender of roads, and two hundred and fifty particular friends, stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky. "It must be forty feet high," said they, grimly; and never moved.

The rider from the château, and the horse in a foam, clattered away through the village, and galloped up the stony steep, to the prison on the crag. At the gate, a group of officers were looking at the fire; removed from them, a group of soldiers. "Help, gentlemen-officers! The château is on fire; valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid! Help! help!" The officers looked towards the soldiers who looked at the fire; gave no orders; and answered, with shrugs and biting of lips, "It must burn."

As the rider rattled down the hill again and through the street, the village was illuminating. The mender of roads, and the two hundred and fifty particular friends, inspired as one man and woman by the idea of lighting up, had darted into their houses, and were putting candles in every dull little pane of glass. The general scarcity of everything, occasioned candles to be borrowed in a rather peremptory manner of Monsieur Gabelle; and in a moment of reluctance and hesitation on that functionary's part, the mender of roads, once so submissive to authority, had remarked that carriages were good to make bonfires with, and that post-horses would roast.

The château was left to itself to flame and burn. In the roaring and raging of the conflagration, a red-hot wind, driving straight from the infernal regions, seemed to be blowing the edifice away. With the rising and falling of the blaze, the stone faces showed as if they were in torment. When great masses of stone and timber fell, the face with the two dints in the nose became obscured: anon struggled out of the smoke again, as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis, burning at the stake and contending with the fire.

The château burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by the fire, scorched and shrivelled; trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry; the extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls, like crystallisation; stupified birds wheeled about, and dropped into the furnace; four fierce figures trudged away, East, West, North, and South, along the night-enshrouded roads, guided by the beacon they had lighted, towards their next destination. The illuminated village had

seized hold of the tocsin, and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang for joy.

Not only that; but, the village, light-headed with famine, fire, and bell-ringing, and bethinking itself that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of rent and taxes—though it was but a small instalment of taxes, and no rent at all, that Gabelle had got in in those latter days—became impatient for an interview with him, and, surrounding his house, summoned him to come forth for personal conference. Whereupon, Monsieur Gabelle did heavily bar his door, and retire to hold counsel with himself. The result of that conference was, that Gabelle again withdrew himself to his house-top behind his stack of chimneys: this time resolved if his door were broken in (he was a small Southern man of retaliative temperament), to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet, and crush a man or two below.

Probably, Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant château for fire and candle, and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing, for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his posting-house gate, which the village showed a lively inclination to displace in his favour. A trying suspense, to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean, ready to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved! But, the friendly dawn appearing at last, and the rush-candles of the village guttering out, the people happily dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down, bringing his life with him for that while.

Within a hundred miles, and in the light of other fires, there were other functionaries less fortunate, that night and other nights, whom the rising sun found hanging across once-peaceful streets, where they had been born and bred; also, there were other villagers and townspeople less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows, upon whom the functionaries and soldiery turned with success, and whom they strung up in their turn. But, the fierce figures were steadily wending East, West, North, and South, be that as it would; and whosoever hung, fire burned. The altitude of the gallows that would turn to water and quench it, no functionary, by any stretch of mathematics, was able to calculate successfully.

FAIRY RINGS.

FUNGUSES are everywhere.* Spreading from one end of the land to the other, they assert their dominion from cellar to garret: some even preferring to leave this earth, have been found suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between it and the stars, on the highest pinnacle of Saint Paul's. Few persons imagine that the delicious mushroom, the poisonous toad-stool, or the puff-balls of our pastures, bear any relation to the mouldiness and mildew which so

* See Good and Bad Fungus, page 841.

speedily overruns books, papers, boots and shoes, or any other household articles when lying by neglected in damp situations, or to the dry-rot, which is one of the greatest enemies of our fleet, but all have a common origin. Their tissues are composed of simple cells.

The primary form or element from which all plants spring, is a little closed sack of transparent colourless membrane, round or oval in shape when existing separately, but assuming various forms, depending upon the degree of pressure against each other exercised by the cells, as well as upon the position they occupy in the structure of the plant. An acquaintance with the cell in its normal state, must necessarily precede all investigations into the different forms it is capable of assuming. These simple cells are large, and easily seen with the naked eye in the pulp of a fully ripe orange, owing to their being distended with the coloured juice; and the pith of all plants is entirely composed of loose cells. Another familiar illustration is to be found in the fruit of the snowberry tree. On removing the outer skin, this berry is seen to be formed of small, slippery, shining, white granules, each of which is a separate perfect cell.

The whole process which is termed growth in plants consists, in its essential elements, of a continuous multiplication of cells of this kind. If, says Schleiden, the nutrient matter within the cell increases in quantity beyond a certain measure, new cells are formed from it within the first, called secondary or daughter-cells; they propagate, and in the usual course the mother-cell then gradually dissolves and disappears, while the two, four, eight, or more young cells produced by it occupy its place. From these the number of cells becomes multiplied beyond calculation, nay, almost beyond credibility.

Most funguses retain nearly the same dimensions throughout their whole lives; but some few species, nevertheless, seem to have a faculty of almost indefinite expansion. The usual size of a puff-ball is not much larger than an egg, but they sometimes attain or exceed the dimensions of the human head. A Mr. Berkeley quotes the case of a *Polyforus Squamosus*, which in three weeks grew to seven feet five inches, and weighed thirty-four pounds. Clusius tells us of a fungus in Pannonia, of such immense size, that, after satisfying the hunger of a large household, enough of it remained to fill a chariot. Withering found an *Agaricus*, "which weighed fourteen pounds;" and Mr. Stackhouse another of the same species in Cornwall, "which was eighteen inches across, and had a stem as thick as a man's wrist." Mr. Badham mentions having found a fungus in the neighbourhood of Tonbridge Wells, which rose nearly a foot from the ground, measured considerably more than two and a half feet across, and weighed from eighteen to twenty pounds.

The rapidity with which fungi grow is one of their chief characteristics. Ward noticed *Phallus Impudicus* shoot up three inches in the course of five-and-twenty minutes, and attain its

full elevation of four inches in an hour and a half. Fries saw a *Bovista Gigantea*, in a single night, increase from the size of a pea to that of a pumpkin, forming at the rate of twenty thousand new cells every minute. Monsieur Bulliard relates that, on placing a fungus within a glass vessel, the plant expanded so rapidly, that it shattered the glass to pieces, with an explosive detonation as loud as that of a pistol. Dr. Carpenter, in his "Elements of Physiology," mentions that, in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, a paving-stone, measuring twenty-one inches square, and weighing eighty-three pounds, was completely raised an inch and a half out of its bed by a mass of toad-stools, of from six to seven inches in diameter; and that nearly the whole pavement of the town was heaving up from the same cause. Mr. Badham states that he himself witnessed an extensive displacement of the pegs of a wooden pavement, which had been driven nine inches into the ground, but were heaved up regularly, in several places, by small bouquets of mushrooms growing from below.

Funguses have a remarkable power of reforming such parts of their substance as have been accidentally or otherwise removed. Vittadini found that, when the tubes of a *Boletus* were cut out from a growing plant, they were after a time reproduced; and where deep holes have been eaten into these plants by snails, they have been refilled. If the tender *Polyporus* is cut across, the wound immediately heals itself, not bearing even a cicatrice to mark the original seat of the injury. Fries says that the *Lycoperdons*, which are often accidentally wounded by the scythe, have the same faculty of remodelling the parts that have been cut from them.

To the peculiar growth of one species of fungus is due those "green sour ringlets," commonly called fairy rings. These fairy rings, varying in size from one and a half to thirty feet in diameter, are formed by a floating sporule falling in a locality suitable to its growth, and on germinating, sending forth in all directions, from itself as a centre, a number of branched threads, which collect together and form a circular network. At the edge of this network the mushrooms or fruit are produced; and gradually extending its boundaries as the central part dies away, the fruit circle is year by year increased in size. The grass at the edge of the circle is always of a more vivid green than that beyond or within it, caused most probably by the recently decayed circle having added to the fertility of the soil. Thus are formed those emerald rings strangely attributed by some authors to the effects of electricity, but more picturesquely, and quite as truly, ascribed by the poets to the fairies, either as the traces of their moonlight revels—

O'er the dewy green,
By the glow-worm's light,
Dance the elves of night,
Unheard, unseen.

Yet where their midnight pranks have been
The circled turf will betray to-morrow—

or, as Shakespeare says :

And nightly meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring :
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers, purple, blue, and white :
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee !
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

The instantaneous appearance of the simple descriptions of fungi, such as mildew, mouldiness and dry-rot, together with the curious and unexpected localities wherein they frequently occur, as well as the rapidity with which the larger species, such as mushrooms and toadstools, spring up, and, more than all, the apparent impossibility of the introduction of seeds in many places where funguses are sometimes found—mouldiness for example in the very centre of a large apple—all tend to give an air of plausibility to an idea still somewhat entertained, that these plants are the product of spontaneous or equivocal generation. Botanists, however, know that a seed is as indispensable for the production of the minutest speck of mouldiness the microscope can reveal to our view, as the acorn is for the production of the giant oak of the forest.

Fries says, respecting this spontaneous or accidental growth of fungi, "The sporules are so infinite (in a single individual I have counted above ten millions), so subtle (they are scarcely visible to the naked eye, and often resemble thin smoke), so light (raised perhaps by evaporation into the atmosphere), and are dispersed in so many ways by the attraction of the sun, by insects, wind, elasticity, adhesion, &c., that it would be difficult to conceive a place from which they can be excluded."

In their shapes the funguses are ever varying. The simplest are like threads, but some shoot out into branches like seaweed, or puff themselves out into puff-balls; some are like a bunch of grapes, or the beads of a necklace; and others thrust their heads into mitres, or assume the shape of a cup, or a wine-funnel. Some are shell-shaped, many bell-shaped, and others hang upon thin stalks like a lawyer's wig; some affect the form of a horse's hoof, others of a goat's beard; the "impudent fungus" looks the very thing it is called, and another is only to be seen through a thick red trellis which surrounds it. Other funguses exhibit a nest in which they rear their young, and passing by these vague shapes—

If shapes they can be called, that shapes have none
Determinate—

of tree parasites which mould themselves at the will of their entertainer, mention may be made of two singular and constant forms. The first is in shape exactly like an ear, clinging to trees and trembling when touched, and has been dedicated to Judas; the other, lolling out from the bark of chesnut-trees, is so like a tongue in form and general appearance, that in the days of enchanted trees and superstition none dare cut it

off for eating or pickling purposes, lest the knight to whom it belonged should afterwards come and claim it.

Funguses are as varying in their colours and textures as in their sizes and shapes. The most splendid of all the mushrooms, *Agaricus xerampelinus*, is of a beautiful red and orange colour; while in a single genus there are to be found species which correspond to every hue. Some don the imperial purple, others dress themselves in violet and yellow, while another may assume a dingy black or milk-white complexion, or, what is rarest of all to meet with in this class of plants, a pale green colour. Sometimes the funguses are zoned with concentric circles of different hues, or spotted; at other times they are of a uniform tint. The bonnets of some shine as if they were sprinkled with mica, and others appear to be made of velvet or kid. The consistence of fungi differs according to the sort, from a watery pulp to a fleshy, leathery, corky, or woody texture.

The odours and tastes of funguses are very characteristic. Some yield an insupportable stench, as for example the *Clathrus*, the offensive odour of which had given rise to the superstition, throughout the Landes, that it is capable of producing cancer, and in consequence the inhabitants cover it carefully over, lest by accident some one should chance to touch it, and become infected with that disease. Others smell strongly of onions, or cinnamon, or apricots, or ratafia, or "like the bloom of May," or a stale poultice, or red mullet; the *Hydna* generally gives out a smell of tallow; and moulds have each their peculiar smell. As regards the tastes of fungi, sweet, sapid, sour, peppery, rich, rank, acid, nauseous, and bitter, are all terms which describe them. In a few, generally unsafe ones, there is little or no taste in the mouth while they are being masticated, but shortly after swallowing the throat becomes dry, and there is a sense of choking.

Of all vegetable productions funguses are the most highly azotised, that is to say, that in addition to the usual chemical constituents of vegetable tissues—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon—a fourth element is now found to exist in great abundance, which was formerly looked up to as affording the only mark of distinction between plants and animals. This element is azote, or nitrogen, and shows itself by the strong cadaverous smell which some of them give out in decaying, and also by the savoury, meat-like taste which others afford. Dr. Marcet has proved that, like animals, they absorb a large quantity of oxygen, and disengage in return from their surface a large quantity of carbonic acid, with the exception of a few, which give out hydrogen, or azotic gas. They yield, moreover, to chemical analysis, in addition to sugar, gum, and resin, a peculiar acid called fungic acid, and a variety of salts.

Several kinds of funguses, and the spawn of the truffle, emit a phosphorescent light. In Italy the olive mushroom (*Agaricus olearius*) is often seen shining brightly amidst the darkness of the

olive grove. A Mr. Drummond describes an Australian fungus with similar properties; and another very interesting one is noticed by Mr. Gardner, in his *Travels in Brazil*. "One dark night," he says, "about the beginning of December, while passing along the streets of the Villa de Natividade, I observed some boys amusing themselves with some luminous object, which I at first supposed to be a kind of large fire-fly; but, on making inquiry, I found it to be a beautiful phosphorescent fungus, belonging to the genus *Agaricus*, and was told that it grew abundantly in the neighbourhood on the decaying leaves of the dwarf-palm. Next day I obtained a great many specimens, and found them to vary from one to two-and-a-half inches across. The whole plant gives out at night a bright phosphorescent light of a pale greenish hue, similar to that emitted by the larger fire-flies, or by those curious soft-bodied marine animals, the pyrosoma; from this circumstance, and from growing on a palm, it is called by the inhabitants 'Flor do Coco.' The light given out by a few of these fungi in a dark room was sufficient to read by. It proved to be quite a new species, and, since my return from Brazil, has been described by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, under the name of *Agaricus Gardneri*, from preserved specimens which I brought home." The genus *Rhizomorpha*, which vegetates in dark mines, is remarkable for its phosphorescence. In the coal mines near Dresden these fungi are described as covering the roof, walls, and pillars, their beautiful light almost dazzling the eye, and giving a coal mine the air of an enchanted castle. It is said by some authorities that the luminosity of funguses is increased by exposure to oxygen gas, the process being in reality a slow spontaneous combustion; while, according to others, it is referable to the liberation of phosphorus from some of its combinations in the plant.

COUNTY COURTED.

"GROWLER, throw the window open and let us have a good solid whiff of the river." Growler and I were having a quiet little dinner at Greenwich. "It isn't everybody has such a bouquet as that to sniff at every day, and whitebait is nothing without it now."

It was an unpardonable eccentricity on the part of Growler, but nothing could soothe him. The whitebait hadn't done it; the punch had apparently induced a contrary effect; Chablis was powerless towards that end, and claret only productive of irritability. The fact is, that Growler had been "County Courted." ("To County Court," I may observe in parenthesis, is a verb only admissible into dictionaries of recent date. "Come, Growler," I said once more, "let me admire the benevolence of a Government which has furnished a noble edifice for our disabled seamen like that"—and I pointed with pride to the Hospital, which we could admire from the window—"and speak no more about these County Courts."

"But I must, sir," said Growler, rather subdued, but frightfully dogmatical since the river had come into the conversation—"I must speak my mind about them. The County Court, sir, is an abominable, institution, worthy only of Naples and that wretched old tyrant who lay in state there the other day. It should be banished out of the land, and all the Judges boiled to death. I hold in my hand, sir," said Growler, diving into the recesses of his coat-pocket, and, before I could interfere, flourishing before my eyes the most dreadful looking pamphlet I ever beheld—"I hold in my hand, sir, a return which shows me that the number of persons of both sexes committed to prison—to prison, sir, you will observe—by the County Courts during the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, was eleven thousand five hundred and one! I am in a position to state," proceeded Growler, "that Captain Hicks, of the Whitecross-street Prison, has said that 'daily labourers, and men in the most abject poverty, even in rags, were constantly imprisoned there under the sentences of Metropolitan County Courts for sums varying from a few shillings to twenty pounds, and sometimes for a debt as low as two shillings. That he had had in his own custody, between September, 1857, and September, 1858, no fewer than one thousand one hundred and sixty County Court prisoners of both sexes, every one of them committed for debts under twenty pounds, very many of them for debts under twenty shillings, and one woman for a debt of twenty pence—'"

"Growler, that river is very offensive."

"—For a debt of twenty pence," proceeded Growler, "which she had reduced from nine shillings and twopence to that amount by hard work and great sacrifices, and for which she was after all sent to prison by the Judge of a Metropolitan County Court."

"I am very unwilling to believe it, Growler," I said; "there must be some check upon these men."

"No, sir, there is not," said Growler. "They are all Alexander Selkirks, or Robinson Crusoes, or Juan Fernandezes, or whoever he was—all monarchs of all they survey, sir, when they sit inside the court and have a good batch of debtors before them."

"But, my dear fellow," I said, "they are all very respectable men, these County Court Judges; barristers of seven years' standing; at least, I know, of unexceptionable character. It must be the system which is at fault and not the men."

"Well, sir, perhaps it is, and you have pretty good authority for saying so. 'The Chief Baron, in a published letter, says: 'My remarks at Bedford' (and pretty strong remarks they were, sir) 'were not at all directed against the mode in which any County Court Judge has exercised his power, but against the power itself. . . . I alluded to no particular case as one of injustice and oppression on the part of the Judge, but as illustrating the folly and absurdity and the mischievous results of the system. Judges differ

very much as to the cases in which they should exercise certain powers. I can imagine a County Court Judge to deem it his duty to send a man to prison twenty times if he owes sixpence and will not pay it, and to punish him for his obstinacy as often as it is brought under his notice. The Judge may be right or wrong, but the system is utterly bad which renders such a matter possible. That's where it is, sir," said Growler, with a flourish of the dreadful pamphlet. "It's not so much the men as the system; not but what the men may be to blame sometimes. We can't be accountable for our digestion you know, sir, and County Court Judges, no doubt, are occasionally troubled with bile like the rest of us."

"But, Growler," I said, pushing the claret to wards that irritable individual, "every medal has its reverse," and although the County Court system may be open to abuse, we must still allow it to be possessed of some advantages. Contrast, for example, the recovery by a county tradesman of a debt of say twenty pounds by the cumbersome machinery of the superior courts with the attainment of the same end by 'County Court-ing.' In the one case have we not issue of that peremptory queenly greeting by London agents—transmission of same for service in the country—long waiting for the slowly recurring assizes—long journey to the assize town—wearry detention of paid witnesses in corridors of the court-house—melancholy attendance of the desponding suitor in ditto—heavy feeling of the British Bar—heavy squeezing of reluctant witnesses by pressure of the British Bar—wrong-headed juries, incapable of unanimity; and last, though, oh Growler, not least, that awful document, the 'Bill of Costs.' On the other hand, do we not find that in our County Courts justice has become a reasonable domesticated old lady, easy of access; holding her balance in hand untrammelled by coils of routine; not insensible to the advocacy of gentlemen innocent of horsehair, and benignly dispensing her favours once or twice a month in every town of any consequence in the country. If the powers with which she is invested be rather arbitrary, her decisions at any rate are speedy.

But even admitting the existence of the evils of which you speak, I think, Growler, that they may by possibility remedy themselves. I find, for example, a County Court Judge, who has had twelve years' experience in the matter, saying: 'I entertain no doubt that, unless the present arrangements are meddled with, the number of both judgment summonses and imprisonments will progressively decline, as debtors will be deterred, by the new facilities of imprisonment, both from rashly contracting debts and from vexatiously resisting payment after judgment recovered. Debtors,' he continues, 'as a class, are not always wealthy and designing, nor creditors, as a class, poor and simple-minded.'

"Quite true, sir—quite true. When I read upon the cause list 'Solomon Levi *versus* Blank,' twenty times repeated, I do not necessarily infer that Solomon Levi is, upon the whole, a very poor or very simple-minded Israelite, and,

for the rest, your humble servant, Jonas Growler, defendant, is not a Cræsus yet. But that does not settle the question. The 'facilities of imprisonment,' spoken of by the gentleman you quote, is capable of being placed in another light. To go no further, take it on the question of expense. 'It would have been cheaper,' says the Chief Baron (he is alluding to the commitments), 'in many instances, both for the Treasury and the county, to have paid the debts, for the expenses which fell upon the Consolidated Fund and the charge on the county would have been sufficient to pay many of them several times over.' So that the honest county gentlemen who pay their debts are called upon to liquidate the little accounts of their dishonest neighbours. That's what it is, sir; and so far from the evil 'progressively declining,' I am in a position to state" (Growler always puts himself into a 'position' when he is severe) "that it has been for the last four years steadily increasing. I find, sir, that in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, six thousand four hundred and eighty persons, throughout England and Wales, were sent to gaol for debt, by different County Court Judges, for debts of the most paltry description. I further discover, sir, from a statement made by Mr. Blundell, that in 1857, when the system had been so far modified as to reduce the fees payable by the creditor, before he could incarcerate his debtor, to two shillings and three-pence, the number of committals had swollen from six thousand four hundred and eighty to ten thousand six hundred and seven; while the self-same return (a Parliamentary return obtained by Lord Brougham) proved that the average amounts of all the debts for which plaintiffs were issued during 1857 was something under two pounds twelve shillings and one penny. 'Many, very many debtors of both sexes,' continues Mr. Blundell, 'against whom no fraud, no extravagance was ever alleged, much less proved, having been thus sent to prison, there kept at the public expense, and for the most part placed as criminals in a misdemeanant ward, in respect of debts ranging downwards from two pounds to thirty shillings, twenty shillings, ten shillings, five shillings, two shillings and sixpence, and even as low (as we have seen) as twenty pence. Think of that, sir," said Growler, and then tell me whether Lord Lyndhurst wasn't right when he said that this was 'not the poor man's law, but of all others the most oppressive to the poor man.' I must speak my mind about them," continues Growler, "and I must tell you more about them yet. What course does the law permit me to pursue, I would ask, with the Honourable Bellington Turfey, who owes me one hundred and fifty pounds, and who has as much intention of paying me one farthing of that amount as he has of becoming Archbishop of Canterbury? To send him to prison, and thus cancel my claim on him for ever. What course does the law permit me to pursue with Smith the tallow chandler, who owes me one shilling and eight-pence? To send him to prison, and to commit and recommit him until he has paid me every

farthing. Prison fare and prison bounds, and the delightful society of the place, are of no account to Smith. He finds the debt carefully preserved in archives of the County Court to meet him on his reappearance there. A little loss of liberty, and leisure to make a good book upon the Derby, which the temporary retirement of the prison affords to the Honourable Bellington Turley, are everything to him. They clear off the debt, and send the honourable gentleman into the world again a free man. There's a little difference in the cases, is there not, sir? But I have not told you all about these County Courts yet."

"There's not much more, Growler, is there? for the malaria from that horrid river has made me very drowsy, Growler—very."

"No, sir, there's not much now. The County Court judges throughout the country are, I am happy to say at present under examination on the subject, and I am willing to leave the solution of the question with them. They are asked whether they are of opinion 'that a power of imprisonment by the judge, as proposed to be modified, should exist as a means of compelling persons who have obtained credit to pay out of their future earnings,' and if they should be of opinion that such a power is advisable, then we can only hope that the modification hinted at will limit the period of imprisonment to something less than that usually accord to a felony. They are asked, 'If upon the hearing of a judgment summons, neither the judgment creditor nor judgment debtor appears, do you proceed to commit the latter for non-appearance?' 'Do you generally give directions that the warrant shall not issue if the debt or so many of the instalments as may be due be paid by a certain time?' 'Have you any rule which governs you as to the period for which you commit?' 'Do you commit a second time for the same debt?' Having obtained satisfactory replies to these questions," continued Growler, "we shall have inserted the thin end of the wedge, and it will then remain for the Legislature to drive that instrument home. You understand, sir?"

"Oh, yes, Growler, I understand, perfectly; it's decidedly time to be driving home."

"One word more, sir. 'Do you consider' (the question is addressed to the County Court Judges), 'that the credit given by travelling drapers, packmen, and others, to the wives of the labouring population should be discouraged, and if so, and to what extent?' Nobody who lives in the country, and is acquainted in the least with country life, can entertain a moment's doubt of the existence of the evil," said Growler, rather indistinctly, it seemed to me. "Let the County Court Judges speak as to the extent of the necessary discouragement. One word more, sir—"

"Growler, I think you said that before."

"The very last," said Growler. "The Government have already, by publication of the interrogations above referred to, endeavoured to discover how the law is at present administered, and I have no doubt the Commons' House of Parliament will take care for the future that

none but fraudulent debtors should be imprisoned."

I have reason to believe that Growler continued to enlarge upon this interesting theme for some time; that he advanced many unanswerable arguments, and became eloquent beyond conception. I didn't hear him. Sleep overcame me.

SMALL SHOT.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND AT THE POST-OFFICE.

It will be perceived that the title of this journal, *All the Year Round*, is repeated at the head of every page instead of every alternate page, as heretofore. Our apology for this tautology, is obedience to the Majesty of the Law. That powerful engine is set in motion by the 18th Victoria, cap. 2, which, in its wisdom, commands that, not only the date of each number, but the title shall be printed at the top of every page of every periodical, before the Post-Office authorities can legally register it for transmission to foreign countries and the colonies.

The Law being the perfection of human reason, gives, as its reason for this absurdity, that the constant repetition prevents fraud. In what manner, or in whom, or where, or how, or why, we are unable to divine; neither is it in the power of the Postmaster-General to enlighten our benighted understanding.

THE PARISH STOCKS.

Not long ago, there was a paragraph on its travels through the English newspaper press, headed, sometimes, "A Man in the Stocks," and sometimes "March of Civilisation at Midhurst." The use of the stocks never has been formally abolished, either in England or in Scotland; but, in Scotland this ridiculous and barbarous machine has not been used for many generations past. There survive, however, a few men of the race of Shallow, among the country justices of England, and there is nothing within their reach senseless enough to be at the level of their understanding that is likely to become obsolete while they live. The disuse of the stocks might, but for these gentlemen, have been left to the discretion of the nation on one side of the Tweed as well as on the other.

Certainly we must account the Stocks an ancient institution. It is a part even of the wisdom of the East, and something of the destiny of England—say, for example, the safety of our glorious Constitution—may be bound up in its maintenance. More than two thousand four hundred years ago "Pashur smote Jeremiah the prophet, and put him in the stocks that were in the high gate of Benjamin, which was by the house of the Lord. And it came to pass on the morrow that Pashur brought forth Jeremiah out of the stocks. Then said Jeremiah unto him, The Lord hath not called thy name Pashur, but Magor-missabib." A picture of this prophet in the stocks was common in old Bibles. The most ancient of books represents Job reckoning the

stocks among human afflictions. From the East, stocks found their way to Athens, the headquarters of ancient civilisation, and they are named (as the *Podo kakke*, or *Foot Nuisance*) in the laws of Solon. Greece, had her stocks. There were stocks at Philippi, into which the gaoler who had charge of Paul and Silas made fast their feet. The past, therefore, upholds the stocks. The present contumaciously rejects them, and they would have vanished with the thumbscrew and the pillory if there were not a few men who have strayed out of the sixteenth or seventeenth century blinking in wonderment among us, and entrusted sometimes with the management of business in a world that has outgrown their opinions.

When the lady heard of the misfortune of Sir Hudibras and the afflicted Ralpho, she set out to do the office of a neighbour,

And from his wooden gaol the stocks
To set at large his fetter locks,

but after all, as she told him, she'd be loth to have him

—break

An ancient custom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
Which if I should consent unto
It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony.

We have troubled ourselves to inquire a little into the details of the case which has directed our attention to this subject. The offence of "the man in the stocks" was, that he had been drunk, was often drunk, and was too poor to pay five shillings for thus offending. He was placed in the stocks for the six hours between eleven o'clock in the morning and five in the evening. The stocks used on the occasion had iron wrist fetters, which bound the victim so that he could not sit down or help himself in any way. In this manner the man hung in the market-place during the heat of the day, with an easterly wind assisting in his punishment. His hat was blown off, and he would have been uncovered if a bystander had not placed it on his head again. A policeman was condemned to share a part of this penance by standing as watch over the prisoner during the whole six hours. "But," somebody suggested to the watcher, "it may be that you must release him for a minute or two." "I am not allowed," was the reply. The people of the town who found their way into the market-place appeared to feel themselves insulted by this exhibition. They had not seen a man in the stocks for fifteen years, and then the machine had so long been out of use, that it had been necessary to make new stocks for the purpose. Three men were exhibited in them on that occasion, and the public indignation at their treatment took the form of sympathy expressed in beer. Those men were actually made drunk in the stocks. This man was exhibited for having been drunk.

A horse-jockey passed. He said, "If I served

a horse like that, I should be fined five pounds by those very justices, for cruelty to animals."

A Queen's officer passed. He said, "If I served one of the Queen's men like that, I should be tried by a court-martial."

A lawyer passed. He said, "The man is not placed in the right way."

A teetotaler stood by, and repudiated this new argument against excess, declaring that it disgusted reasonable men as much as drunkenness itself.

But the culprit and the policemen bore the punishments to which they were respectively condemned, and homage was paid to the wisdom of the days of James the First, by whose statute the magistrates were justified in their discretion. For, the old law, congenial to their souls, had said, "If any person shall be drunk and thereof convicted before one justice, on view, confession, or the oath of one witness, he shall forfeit for the first offence five shillings, to be paid within one week after conviction to the churchwardens for the use of the poor. If he refuse or neglect to pay the same, it may be levied by distress, or if the offender be not able to pay, he shall be committed to the stocks, there to remain for the space of six hours."

There is no ultimate punishment assigned in case there should be no stocks in the parish. For a man once fairly set in the stocks there is no leg bail. No payment obtains any release. That was a decision solemnly arrived at by the whole Court of Queen's Bench in the case of a poor fellow who was put in the stocks for two hours because he had sold a pennyworth of fruit on a Sunday.

We do not know in what repute the stocks may be with country justices in other parts of England, but we were surprised to find that we could not ask questions about this machine at Midhurst, without hearing of it at Rogate also, where it has been recently the subject of a local war. Rogate is only five miles distant from Midhurst, in the extreme west of Sussex. Twenty years ago, a gallant colonel became possessed of the Rogate estate. There were the remains of stocks then standing about two feet from the churchyard gate—as they might be "the stocks that were in the high gate of Benjamin, that was by the house of the Lord." Last year, the stocks at Rogate having been entirely swept away, the vicar missed the comfortable presence of that little help upon the road to heaven, and insisted on their restoration. The colonel remonstrated. The vicar threatened the churchwardens. New stocks were erected. But, the colonel, though a magistrate, would not be reconciled to this one of the institutions of his church and country. War was declared by him against the stocks, and a great battle was fought last year in the parish vestry. The colonel sent his legal adviser to object to the charge for "new stocks" in the churchwardens' account. There was no victory achieved then on either side. There was a truce till the succeeding Easter—till last Easter. And at the Easter vestry of the present year, the

cost of setting up new stocks was disallowed from the expenses of the church. The stocks themselves nevertheless remained, and no remonstrance would induce the vicar to consent to their removal.

Here was a knot demanding—as Horace himself would have admitted—something in a machine for its solution. The something in a machine was the man in the stocks at Midhurst. They are orderly people at Rogate, although they were not ashamed to reply very swiftly to an outrage upon common sense and feeling with an outbreak of a more respectable description. With pickaxe and spade the stocks at Rogate were, upon provocation of the Midhurst case, uprooted by the villagers. The masses of West Sussex, to the number of forty, roared out their three cheers. The one policeman who preserves order in these regions, was exasperated, and desired the people to move on. But, the idol of the vicar was not only pulled up; it was also sawn into billets, and with part of it they dressed their meat—for it was employed to cook the roast beef that was eaten in the village at the anniversary dinner of the Rogate Friendly Society.

DREAM-LIFE.

LISTEN, friend, and I will tell you
Why I sometimes seem so glad,
Then without a reason changing,
Soon become so grave and sad.
Half my life I live a beggar,
Ragged, helpless, and alone;
But the other half a monarch,
With my courtiers round my throne.
Half my life is full of sorrow,
Half of joy, still fresh and new;
One of these lives is a fancy,
But the other one is true.
While I live and feast on gladness,
Still I feel the thought remain;
This must soon end—nearer, nearer
Comes the life of grief and pain.
While I live a wretched beggar,
One bright hope my lot can cheer:
Soon, soon, thou shalt have thy kingdom,
The bright hour is drawing near.
So you see my life is twofold:
Half a pleasure, half a grief.
Thus all joy is somewhat tempered,
And all sorrow finds relief.
Which, you ask me, is the real life?
Which the Dream, the joy or woe?
Hush, friend! it is little matter,
And, indeed, I never know.

DOWN AT DIPPINGTON.

BATHING.

Who invented sea-bathing? Chaucer's wife, of Bath, says A 1. A 2 says it is a sham, a fancy not fifty years old, and means only idleness, exercise, pure air, and unlimited washing. Men, before nerves were invented, never bathed; men, who did not use umbrellas for the sun—who, in fact, did not use umbrellas at all—never bathed. A 2 goes on to say that half of those who do bathe, bathe injudiciously, and do themselves harm; and he asks, with a wicked Wilkes-

and-45 look, do the inhabitants of Dippington, where we are now, bathe? I trow not. I never saw them. What first set all of us, when the dog-days set in, rushing down steep places into the sea? I don't know, yet here I am, somebody telling me, "You want bracing." It takes a good many guineas to "brace," I can tell you, and guineas rhyme to "ninnies." I came down by railway, was sucked into dark pea-shooters of tunnels, spat out again into the sunshine, and was first aware of our propinquity to the sea by finding the trees diminish, and the fields get larger and wilder. Suddenly the great grey shield of the sea displayed itself.

A philanthropic grocer, who afterwards touted for my custom, showed me lodgings. I contracted finally for rooms with two old maids—one deaf, the other with a wax nose. I looked out on the sea.

The first thing Dippington mothers seem to tell their children about the sea is to learn to get something out of it. They are at it all day, dipping into it as if it were a lucky-bag, and had never swallowed their fathers or brothers. There they are, hooking out star-fish, jellies, crabs, shrimps, parchmenty ribbons of seaweed, purple strips, pink roots, yellow shells, rubbed down pebbles, cuttle fish, shreds of liquid glue, green slimy weed, round bits of slate, and other shreds and trifles from the great marine store shop and lottery. They never leave the beach, those Dippington children, never, for the chalky walks on the cliffs, where the poppies picked to pieces show where the lovers have been walking. No, they like to see the boats building, or the signal-staff painting. The wetter they get, the happier they are.

THE SEA AT DIPPINGTON.

The sea at Dippington is, as far as I can discover at present from my window at the Marine Crescent, much the same as it is at Shrimpington, Whitecliff, or any other fashionable bathing-place. This rippling gown of Amphitrite has always a white frill round the skirt of it. In the morning, when you go to bathe, there is a silver tinsel shimmer on it, and at dusk a soft blue grey haze seems to join it to heaven. It can never make up its mind whether to come in or go out, and the great object of existence here at Dippington seems to be to sit exactly opposite it all day, and stare yourself stupid, by looking at its broad, vacant face. The result of this is extreme sleepiness and a tremendous appetite. Wiggle, the great art-critic, is great down here with his telescope under his arm, his dust coat, his buff slippers, and his boating-hat. He asks the diving-machine men what such a vessel is "in the offing," and puts on a captain air, though I know he begins to get sick when he passes Gravesend. Excuse the transition, but that charming Miss Trippet, the belle of Dippington, has just passed down the Parade with such a little pink cockleshell of a bonnet on, and a little blue parasol, like a grown up air-bell. I wish you could see the pretty fits of abstraction she

throws herself into on that seat under the flag-staff. Three youngsters have just passed—all three sputtering—a certain sign, if their dank hair did not prove it, that they have been bathing. Indeed, it is surprising how every small thing cries aloud to one in a watering-place and says, "You are at Dippington, behave as sich." I look out of window now, and lo! on the green, crackling roof of the verandah below I see a white shell, and a dry, crimp, star-fish, dead and colourless, that have been, I suppose, thrown in by the last children who occupied this room—this Dippington tabernacle—that has known so many occupants, but which a sanguine imagination might think had been tossed up there some stormy night by the sea down below there, for there is only a road, a railing, a grass-plot, an esplanade, and a cliff and the sands between my balcony and the poluphosboyd.

Besides staring yourself into idiocy, walking your legs to pieces, and getting your feet wet, I see nothing to be done at Dippington. A little flirting, a great deal of tea and shrimps, biliards, novels, and talking to the sailors, that is our life—that is the creed and constitution of Dippington. Do anything else, and you become a Crusoe on a deserted isle.

"I assure you that last night," said Wiggle to me, as we were on our way to the billiard-table for a game of pyramids—"that last night, as I stood by the brink of that mighty ocean, and looked out over its changeless immensity—its great burial-ground of fleets and navies—its miser hoards of treasure that shall never see the sun—its millions of unrecorded and forgotten dead—I felt—"

"Like a shrimp, a stale whiting, a dried haddock?" I suggested.

"—I felt a mere insect—a transitory creature of less value than the spray that rolled white at my feet. I returned to my hotel—"

"And called for sherry and soda?"

"Stuff! for my bed-candle; and retired to my couch a better and a wiser man."

More wrecked-looking men going home from bathing. Then a great lull—that is breakfast. Breakfast at Dippington is a solemn thing, so is dinner, so is tea.

The sirens still haunt the sea-side, I think, only they have taken to a more respectable dress, and no longer sit rasping their fingers sore on Erard's harps. The sirens now are fascinating widows, with becoming grief in their beautiful eyes; bewitching maidens, just budding into womanhood, with round hats and azure "uglies." The siren widow passed just now, looking down, thinking either of the last wedding breakfast or the one that is to come, with violet ribbons fluttering about her black shawl—poetical grief-shroud, with a touch of hope trimming it. Violet, or was it mauve?—beautiful compromise with despair!

Wonderful air of Dippington, that, smelling of nothing, is yet so odorous of that nothing; so fresh, yet never cold; so balmy, so summerful, so flower-kissing, so health-giving! Blessed air, unpolluted by the fetor of cities! air that num-

berless interjections can alone describe, and then only by showing a redundant sense of pleasure—a freer pulse, a fuller heart, a brighter eye! Let the old writers say what they will of the unsuccessful voyages in the time of Columbus to discover the miraculous "Fountain of Youth," here it is:

THE BATHING-MACHINE.

The first thing, of course, I did when I got settled at Dippington was to inquire about the baths. In the true spirit of a discoverer, the very night I arrived I found my way by sloping paths to the beach, attracted by the ship lights, the red signal at the pier-head, and the sharp clear sound of the ship bells. I saw nothing before me but the boundless, the illimitable, the delight of the hardy Norseman, the terror of the squeamish, the silent highway, the green bank whose lock no burglar can pick, the unfillable graveyard, &c. The waves raced in, white-maned, many-trampling, and swift. They rolled in, twenty thousand abreast, and faded away like a charge of fairy Norsemen. I looked round: there stood the machines, solemn in the twilight, hooded-like sibyls, mysterious as the Pythonesses or the Fates, looking like the gigantic ghosts of the Titan bathing-women of the earlier ages.

"Do you want a machine to-morrow?" said a voice.

It was the disgusting voice of materialism and common sense, whose brutal foot (excuse the transition of metaphor) will trample on the fairest spots, and dissolve the spell of all the enchantments of the strongest imagination.

"No," said I, with all the severity, but less of the truth than the occasion demanded.

I write at a window, so you must pardon side-notes of digression. A moving tulip bed, or rather a similar bed of parasols, is floating by to take an airing. It is just meridian—ought I not to say so many bells? That night, sleep wrestled with, and threw me at an early hour. With the crescendo of the surge in my ears I went to bed (O divine snowiness of country beds!), desiring to be called at half-past six for bathing; the consequence of which, of course, was, that I woke at six, and lay grumbling till a quarter to seven, when a voice dropped my boots with a double clump at the door. Getting up for a first bath is, to a nervous, imaginative man, like Twitter, the epic poet, a dreadful thing.

Podgers, the cheesemonger in Fetter-lane, has just passed with his six children, who all seem to have been born on the same day. Query: Can you call six children twins? ought not three to be called twins, and so on? Podgers wears a high, brown, flower-pot hat, and, of course, black trousers. His crafty hole-and-corner face jars on the broad, frank, impatient sea. N.B. He has brought his day-book down to amuse himself with to-morrow (Sunday) while the Sextines are gone in procession to church, each with a large Common Prayer Book folded in a clean white handkerchief.

To return: I got up, trying to think it very delicious, which it wasn't. I roped on my neck-

tie, sloughed on my oldest boots; and, buttoned up like a spy, a crimp, an escaped smuggler, walked down towards the sea, now a laughing, glittering green in the early sunlight—the shining opal collar that nature placed round a dove's neck was nothing to it. At the corner of the jetty a band of half-sailors, half-fishermen, beleaguered me with pulls at their forelocks.

"Want a machine, sir?" said one.

"Just look at this towel, fine white diaper," said another, with a white slab of a towel balanced on his hand.

No. 802 was already out. No. 910 was having the horse put to. Screams and laughter were pouring from 605, and from under the hood of 703 there was a splashing as if Kempenfelt and all his men were going down together in the Royal George with one consent. At the door of 320 a respectable City tradesman, well known on the Corn Exchange, was combing his hair inside the machine, and looking wet and bedraggled into the glass.

No. 450 was mine. A man they call something like "Loller" hands me three dirty-white tickets to frank me for three mornings' admission to the ocean—as yet unallotted or park-paled—one shilling. Then he asks me for one of the three, and takes it just as a man does who is teaching you a game of cards, and is playing both sides. I am introduced as a victim to a brother in red-plush breeches and jack waterproof boots, who is the driver. I am handed two towels—sent up the steps of the "cairywan," and shut in. I am shouted to that when I have had enough of it I am to open the door and call.

I am scarcely in it before the machine begins to jolt. I feel like Jonas inside the whale. We go out to sea. There is a clink of chains—a crack of a whip—a shout—lower—lower. I try to keep my footing, and feel myself in a cart and yet in a ship. I undress and hook up everything to the nails round the wall. I don't know how it is, but I never in my life went down to the sea in a bathing-machine but I compared myself to Pharaoh entering the Red Sea in his chariot in hot pursuit after the Israelites. "Suppose," I say to myself, "there was a leak in this crazy hut? suppose it broke away from the wheel, and drifted out to sea, to be nosed and bumped by whales, and sniffed at by sharks? Suppose—"

Here a tremendous wave thumped at the door, as much as to say, "Come out and let us look at you, miserable creature of clay!" I am now without the cloak that shadowed Borgia—in Adam's livery—a poor forked creature shivering as if for charity, and trembling like Andromeda when the great sea serpent approached. The floor is gritty, the small slab of carpet is sodden and briny. I undo the door and look out, kicking down the tilted hood, and clinging to the rope that is fastened to the outside of the machine, and which, like everything else belonging to it, is crisp and salt. With crippled, crumpled step, I descend the steps; a wave lashes up, and all but washes me

off—surfing me up against the hood, and all but whipping the rope from me. A singular creeping feeling of the blood as I step in waist high—a pull at my heart as if the blood were driven back to the citadel, then rallied, and spread victoriously through my veins—a taste of salt surf in my mouth—now a duck under! I emerge, blinded and dripping, and wade out beyond the hood. I come out as from a cave, and am in the wide, wide sea. The horizon towards the North Foreland a line of trembling silver—the junction of sky and sea—the welding line—the tenderest grey blue, which is neither opaque nor transparent—a soft apricot-coloured bloom in the eastward, Dover way—and here and there a sail catches the sun, and shines the colour of a light wallflower. The chalk cliffs, cleft in horizontal lines, and bushes with wild mignonette and wild geranium, look blocks of opaque silver.

But I don't come here to study landscape, but to tear health from the jaws of the sea: and health I will have—so here goes! How soft the sand feels under my naked feet! I wade out to meet the waves—one, two, three. Here comes a huge one, cresting and combing over with a metallic shine, but without foam: it laps over me and lifts me off my feet. I stagger on, defiant. Here comes one twice as high—the froth already out there rises above my head. Nearer—firm, prepare to receive cavalry! form square! bang! wash! splash! It beats me over, and foams over my head, and passes on to lash and rage up the steps of my machine, as if it were looking for me. I am cuffed and slapped warm, and am in high spirits—braced and nerved. Now I understand what Dr. Bledon meant by always saying to my wife, "He (meaning me) wants bracing—he must have bracing." Here I am bracing—hard at it! Here comes another rolling monster. Hurrah! Brace away! I leap at it, but it has me down and tramples on me in a moment.

I am back under the hood. I got into the wrong machine first—they are so very much alike—and found myself in the presence of the Reverend Mr. Bellow, rector of the celebrated church of St. Barabbas. But then did I not see swimming near me just now, like a Ceylon diver going all naked to the shark, fast young Latitat, of the Middle Temple, swimming as if he were flying from the bailiffs, or as if Grinder and Crusher, the great attorneys, had sent for him to their chambers?

As I waded up the steps I met Bellow coming down. I bowed and he bowed—he laughed and I laughed, and splashed off, like a merman who has been paying a morning visit. I emerge from the wave and climb my steps. Delicious glow—warmth of health and life, enough to revive a dying man—rosy glow of invigorated and purified blood! I begin a Norse hymn to the sea, such as "Harold of the Blue Eyes" addressed to his sword, "the Land-giver:"

Health-giver, I hail thee!
Man-slayer, I fear thee!
Hope-bringer, I greet thee!
Dirge-singer, I fear thee!

I gave the signal for being restored to land. The horse is put to.

"Right!" cries a voice, and a jerk nearly sends me off my legs. I leap down into the soft ankle-deep sand, am wished "good morning" by the "two noble kinsmen," and depart to punish my breakfast; my chest expanded, my heart larger, my eyes brighter, my moral nature improved, my physical nature padded and developed.

NIGHT AT DIPPINGTON.

Night at Dippington is "mighty pretty to behold," as Pepys would have said. You can see the red light on the pier casting a quivering column of liquid ruby, like so much burning sea, below it in the harbour. Far away in the distance, starlike over the waters, twinkles the North Foreland light, answered right and left by corresponding guardians of the coast. Through the dusk you hear from your open window the buzz of a beetle, telling by association of the thundery warmth of the summer night, and of the hush that must be away there in the fields that lead down to the cliff, in the dense, dark clumps of elms, and in the feathering ashes. The ships' bells tell the hour with their monotonous but clear and decisive cling-clang, in the harbour where they are moored near the red light, and everywhere—whether in the high streets, between the rows of lamps by the market-place where the fisherboys stand, or in the sea-side billiard-room, or on the cliffs by the white lighthouse, or by the platform (as like a quarter-deck as possible) where the coast-guard man in white trousers, and the eternal battered telescope under his arm, paces—you hear the roll, and surge, and lash, and chafe, and splashing drag, and tumble of the breakers, that spread white through the night. Now, one by one, on Terrace, and Parade, and Esplanade, and Side-street, and Cliff-crescent, the pleasure-seekers put out their lamps, and as they close like so many closing eyes, I turn in, and put out mine likewise.

MORNING AT DIPPINGTON.

One hour ago, by this repeater, and I was up to my chin in the green sparkling waves, feeling a little anxious as the sand seemed suddenly to recede from the extended half of the great toe on my left foot, and I looked back, and I saw I was fifty yards from No. 68 machine, and seemed bearing out every moment imperceptibly a little further from the white cliffs, and the man who, shining white through the waves, is floating on his back, calmly, some twenty feet off. Now, I am here, calm as Cato, at my tea and prawns, divesting those mollusca of their pink armour, and looking out delighted at the diamond sparkle of the morning sea, the mile-long bars of purple cloud shadows, and the broad green field of opaque emerald, the long dim blue line of land, that seems but consolidated cloud, yesterday cloud turned solid, yet barely solid. It is a sight to make an old man young again. The line of foam that breaks along the shore glitters like quicksilver; a dancing diamond twinkle and restless glimmer

is on the sea; and the brown sands, where the sea washes, are transparent and luminous as if they were covered with a thin glazing of ice. Children laugh on the balconies and on the terraces—they hop up and down in the water like so many chickens round the old mother hen of the machine. Bathing-women, witch-like and hideous, in sodden blue flannel bathing-gowns, float about like stale mermaids or water ogresses seeking their prey. The sands are like one immense laundress's drying-ground, with strings of coloured bathing-dresses, towels, and other apparatus of sanitary ablutions. The machines in the water remind one of a French village during the inundations; those on shore, of the first encampment of a fair. The machines echo with screams and laughter. The proprietor of the bathing-machines, a lame man, who swims like a frog, walks about the sands with a contemplative, benevolent air, with his hands behind him. There are ships in the distance at all degrees of obscurity, from the palpable black boat that seems made of sticking-plaster like the profile likenesses, to that brig out there, grey and dim as the Flying Dutchman. Truly, Dippington, of a bright morning, when the very air laughs, is a pleasant and cheering place. A little time and it will be a desolate Sahara of fishermen, moping lodging-house keepers complaining of taxes: no children, no laughing, no nothing. The wooden spades will gather dust at the shop door—the buff slippers hang purposeless in the window.

CHARACTERS AT DIPPINGTON.

I am just home from a burning walk along the top of the chalk cliff, where the pink valerian bushes over into the blue air, over some giddy eighty feet, and where the wild geranium lures the bees into its veined honey-cups, and where the wild mignonette spires up, crisp and perfumeless. Here I have been lying down on the scorched, half-burnt-up wild barley, by the side of the chalky path, where the wheat shoulders and billows, I especially enjoy the quiet cliff walks outside Dippington, where the park palings, as you pass, wake into a hot stinging buzz of flies, and where the great orange and black bumble-bee, bullying robber of the summer flowers, rifles the poppy that lies hid among the guardian spears of the wheat-field—a second Jason seeking his Medea. Am I to be called an idler because I lie down on my rough bed of half-burnt-up white clover, and listen to the lark rising, through vistas of blue, to the inner heaven where the angels call him?

"There ain't no thoroughfare this way, leastways there is no public road, but if you like to climb up, as I'm going off duty, and will come up 'through this gallery cliff, you're welcome." So said a coast-guard to me, as I find myself blocked up at a corner of the sands, and want to get back to Dippington.

I accept his proposal, and follow the sun-burnt Neptune up a dark gallery cut in the chalk, with loopholes here and there, letting in the clear daylight.

"Dull life this, isn't it?"

"Yes." So he was on board a man-of-war—petty officer, too—thirteen years, and wouldn't be here now but for an accident four months ago. Had been on the coast of Africa, passed Gibraltar a dozen times; didn't care for any sort of weather purvided there was plenty of sea-room, which there was not when he once was in a sou'-wester in the Mosambique Channel. No, a tornado was not sudden; contrairy, it always gave you three-quarters of an hour to take down sail and get all square. No captain, if he was really captain in his own ship and not a sort of foster-child of the first-lieutenant, had any right to let any of his men get wet in a tornado; there was time enough to put all under cover afore the tornado broke. Some of them white squalls were twice as bad. A captain as really was a captain in his own ship, such a man as Captain Rood as the Amphitrite buried when she was taking in money at Chili, was the captain as he liked to serve under. Did he carry pistols? Yes, one by day and two by night, for signals; and rockets too. Dippington was a troublesome station, because they wanted watches on the pier night and day to see everything as came in, right or wrong, riglar or unriglar. He wished me a very good night. That was eight o'clock; he was off duty now, and came on again at four in the morning. He wished me a very good night—"Good night, sir."

A gorgeous flame, however, was in the sky, wrangling with a pile of electric ash grey clouds. The sea was rose-coloured—the sky deepened to purple—it was dark before all the stars lit their lighthouse lamps, and so did the North Foreland, which shone out like a small sun among them. Here my friend Hanno, who prides himself on his Carthaginian descent, would quote Horace, but I will not, on any account; a truism not seeming to me anything wiser because it is in Latin.

I had need of a barber. I found one who kept the circulating library. He requested my name. He told me it gave him the greatest trouble to get distinguished visitors' names correctly. Would I believe it, only that morning a Mr. De Frieze had come and complained he was put down De Sneez! Names were always getting into knots.

My friend was a perfect specimen of the poor watering-place barber. The weather was very catching (short or long, sir?); always observed it was so after a long prevalence of the east wind (hair very dry, sir; do you use any pomade?). Now it was first the wind, then the weather, got the upper hand—weather and wind, wind and weather (short over the ear? Yes, sir); glad to see I wore beard and moustaches, advised every gent to do so; acted as respirator, protected the tonsils, kept out the dust; had a brother, a fine tenor, yes, sir, who could get up to A and B with the greatest ease; he held out against beard for a long time, very long time; left for three months, came back with a swingeing pair of moustaches (look in the glass and see if that is short enough); had a dread now of their being

sandy; advised him a certain wash that tinged without dyeing; it was a secret, but he did not care mentioning it; he told him—it was the very thing; he ordered a five-and-sixpenny bottle from London, and the effect was astonishing. Had I ever had excavation of blood on the head? Sometimes the effect of injudicious bathing. Could he recommend me any wash for the head? Certainly he could. Had I never heard of his celebrated Golden Oil? Agents all over London—cases sent away every day—surprised! Desk full of letters—sent off that morning a case of six to Hon. Mr. Foozle, Whitewash Villa, Worcester. A letter yesterday from Captain O'Toole, some castle near Dublin, couldn't remember the name of the castle; letter from Dr. Hardbox, mentioning astonishing effect of oil on Mrs. Blackline, who had evinced symptoms of baldness in lateral regions of the scalp—at once tonic, cleanser, and strengthener. The miserable London pomades left a deposit and turned acid—that was the end of it—turned acid. This was what he lived by, making the Golden Oil. Dippington season only three months; couldn't live without patent for Golden Oil. Did I see that transparent bottle? that was the beautiful and nutritious Golden Oil. Did I see that dark liquid? that was the Royal Odoriferous Fluid expressly made to be used with it, and which, shaken together, formed a mellow and invaluable cream.

My personal friend Coxen, who calls his boat by the aphonistic name of "Help me and I'll help you," is a good type of the Dippington boatmen. He has not a quick imagination, nor is he lightning-quick at repartee, but he is a brave, honest, stolid, unflinching, faithful, crafty old sailor, and I respect him, though he does hammer for half an hour at the same idea, and leave it at the end of this time rather bruised, distorted, and misshapen. His craft (I don't refer to the "Friend in Need" sailing-boat) consists in himself trying to charge you twice as much per hour as any one else, and in scudding you out to such a distance from any known land that no canvas wing, or flying jib, or any shaking out of canvas, will get you in at the time you expected and intended to pay for; otherwise he is a rare old Neptune, and his stories of diving, smuggling, and wrecking, throw great light on the manners, customs, and moral standard of Dippington, which, with its golden and emeraldine sea, and its chalky ramparts of cliff, I take to be quite a type of sea-side places.

It is a sight to see him with his massy red braces, a foot wide each, crossing his indigo-coloured Jersey, taat fits his brawny chest and arms like a Norse body-suit of mail, his enormous full-bodied breeches, reaching up almost to his arm-pits, his alert, nimble feet (sailors' feet are generally small), cased in canvas shoes, his strong brown hands, white at the knuckles, grasping lightly, yet surely, the familiar oar, whose broad blades force the boat on with such quick, strong, and equal pulse. As my young friend Parkins sits gravely holding the tiller-ropes and nodding at us (me and Coxen), as we bend, like two portions of the same body, simultaneous at the oars.

Coxen, like Dogberry, prides himself on "having had losses." If right was right, and all things was as they should be, which they ain't, Coxen would be, by his own account, the lord of half Dippington. If you ask him how all these enormous territories passed from the family of Coxen, he will tell you, with a grave shake of the head, "that it was all the want of larning" that got it all "signed away." There cannot be the smallest doubt that Coxen's (let me see) uncle's father—no, aunt's sister—no—yes—father's uncle's mother—was descended from two East Indian captans, Capten Mover and Capten Redwood, which came to Dippington to moor quietly, and left their property tied up by the most solemn oaths and specific directions to the Coxen family to descend lineally and inalienably. There can be no doubt about this, because Coxen knows where to lay his hand on the house in Dippington whose best room contains a portrait of Captain Redwood in an oval gilt frame, and laying his hand on a terrestrial globe; and, moreover, the captains lie together under a flat black stone just as you enter to the right of St. Lawrence's church; and not only that, sir, there is, or was, in the same church a glass case, through which you see the worthy captain's will, leaving so much bread and meat to certain inhabitants of St. Lawrence's parish. And if anything else was wanted, there was a pilot as died last June was a twelvemonth, as told him (John Coxen) over a glass of rum and a pipe in the parlour of the Tartar Frigate Inn, that there was parties who could speak about that 'ere pier property if they had a mind; and, what was more, he (Coxen) had seen maps of the property which covered the site of the present Exmouth Crescent, and all the ground where the pier now stood. How the alienation occurred, no one could see, but all he knew was, that there was an uncle of his who always knew what lawyer to go to for a pound, and I suppose he was told that the site of certain property could not be secured without him, and that it was of no consequence, and "sich-like," and so it went, all through "a want of larning," in a certain drunken branch of the Coxen family, who, if "right was right," ought to be gen'lmen.

On a morning misty with intense heat, I and Parkins stroll down to the Pier-gate by appointment, to meet Coxen, and take a row and sail up the Sour river towards Shinglewich. The machines are all down on the beach, like an encampment of Tartar gipsies in an inundated steppe—a cutter with sunburnt sail is passing, dark in shadow. The bathers are bobbing up and down like floats fidgiting under a nibble. The delicious emerald water is rumbling in, and frothing and splashing about the scarlet wheels of the machines, and rolling in froth on the shore, as if white soapsuds were being swilled out. Redgauntlet sort of amphibians, in flaming plush breeches and bare feet, are riding on draggle-tailed horses at a merry trot knee-deep into the sea, to link to the machines, whose open doors announce their

ripeness for return to land. A fop in Tweed suit has just loafed by with an umbrella up—frightful example of a nervous and debilitated age. Children are grubbing about in buff slippers and with wooden spades, as if to be a "navvy" or a gold-digger were the natural object of every man. The shore, rolled brown, level, and hard by the sea-mangle, is strewn with little green films and scarlet roots and purple shreds of seaweed, and here and there are piled with strips of parchment-looking fucus and bladdered tea-leaves-looking refuse of the waves. The green light on the pier, that looked last night so spectral in the gloom, is invisible; the distant Knock Sand and the North Foreland have no star lit. There is a fretted sparkle on the waves, and on the rolling crest of the surf there is a glow as of gold plate. The bathing-women are floating out like Norse witches wading out to curse a departing vessel and fling a foul wind on its track, as the falconer whistles his Peregrine after a flying heron out on the cliff. The flowers sway and nod, and mock at the danger, and the lark sings above the barley that rolls in glosses, like the wind over an animal's fur.

Now we pass down the pier, passing the shipwrights busy with their heavy hammers, boiling tar, and caulking, and piecing the ship's skeleton in the dry dock; the old boatmen with red button-holes of eyes and worn-out telescopes; the boys playing in boats; the life-boat, with its padded-looking sides; the floating shells of boats, like empty green pea-cods; the huge buoys of the Trinity House, looking like floats used by giants, or enormous iron fungi—and we are in Coxen's boat, stepping by a ship-boy of dandy habits, who is washing his shoes and bare legs with a stray cabbage-leaf.

We are in, past the keen-edged steamers, the yachts and pleasure-boats, and the dense, wedging sound of the shipwrights' hammers; past the cranes and cliking capstans and water-steps, and dredging-machines, and sluices, and great black and white diamond buoys that tell strange vessels silent tidings of the depth of water in the harbour.

We are off. There has been a scrambling out of oars, a hauling of ropes, an unbending of sails. We skim round the fort-like angle of the pier, with its massy stonework and its green-slimed and barnacle-crusted bulwarks, and are out at sea. The nor'-west catches the sail and strains it out; we leap and dance over the luminous water, which seems like so much opaque sunshine—yesterday's sunshine in fact—faster than those white-tipped, omega-shaped gulls that float questioning round our little red thread of a flag. The boat drives like a steam-plough through a trough of the waves, or dips down on one side till the gunwale nearly lips the tide. A boat lagging along slowly in the opposite direction, looks at us admiringly, and one of the sailors in it hums something. "What did he say, Coxen?"

"Only a werse of a hold song," smiles Coxen—"Oh, scudding under easy sail,"—and we was scudding just then, sir, like flying Isaac, as they

say. Now, it's a curious thing"—on these reflective occasions Coxen always stopped rowing, tucked one oar under his knee, took off his cap, wiped the "prespiration" from his forehead, and leant forward with appropriate gesture, laying the chopped fore-finger of one hand in the woody palm of the other—"now, it's a curious thing, sir, that a man in a boat always thinks that the boat he see is going faster than he is. Many's the time as we've been going like glory, and the gentleman I've been a rowing of seen another boat not half as fast as we was, and, says he, 'Lord, Coxen, how that boat is walking along! what a lively boat!' says he, 'Coxen; but it ain't my place, you know, to say anything; so, on I pulls.

"There," said he, "that's the Belly View (Belle Vue) Tavern, and now we steer straight across for the buoy there, at the mouth of the river out by Shellness; but to return," said he, "about that there crinkle on the water. People often says to me, 'Why, dear me, Coxen, how could you tell the wind was coming?' Ignorant them Londoners as the dirt you tread on, and worse too. Pull home, sir; keep time, not too quick; capital stroke, sir; keep your oar a little more in. I've been out once before to the Goodwin Sands this morning, with a young gentleman and lady. I think as they was a courting—I think they was."

Coxen here rambled on to a long and intricate statement of his ill-luck during the last year. This was an inexhaustible subject with him. He had a little house to let just up by the Subscription Billiard-room on the South Parade; he had not let it yet—such a thing had never happened before for twenty years. As for his old woman, she never went out for fear of anybody coming, but "yesterday a young fellow in the town who had been in the Lancers, came back from India, and was brought in from the pier with a band, and in comes Mrs. Jones from next door, and says, 'Come along, Mrs. Coxen, put on your bonnet,' says she, 'and come down and hear the band.' Away went my wife. Why, will you believe it, sir, in that very hour comes a lady and gentleman to see the house, drat it! Then there was him and the boats, when he ought to have been painting and doing 'em up for the season, he was out in a lugger off the Goodwin Sands, looking out for salvage—(pull left-hand tiller rope, sir; leave that buoy to the right)—and now, when he ought to be looking out for gentlemen and sailing parties, he had to snatch a moment or two to paint and do up the Smiling Sally and the Friend in Need."

Coxen's notions about the morality of salvage were peculiar, and would not, perhaps, be thought orthodox out of Dippington, as you will see. I asked him about the wrecks in general, and he again tucked his oar under his leg, and volunteered a yarn.

"It's hard life, sir, out there by them sands, when a heavy sou'-sou'-west is blowing, and there's no rum or baccy aboard. Hard work beating round the nine miles of Goodwin Sands, and the sea washing over you, so that you can't

look to windward, and it pours off your back in bucketfuls. Sooner be off the Knock Sand, or the Galloper, or plain out in the Gull Way than that. There we lay four nights, running, maybe, half asleep in the roads; no room for beds in a hoveller; half on watch, ten of us altogether, and maybe roused out twice a night, and frightened out of your wits."

I asked if they gave warning to vessels that they saw likely to get on that burial-pit of sailors.

"No," said Coxen, with a sarcastic shake of the head, "not we; we don't rough it for that. Captains wouldn't give us anything for giving them notice. We are there to get 'em off, not to prevent 'em getting on. It was only last week we were there getting up pig-iron, with the nipping tongs as we use, from a wreck, and we were roused out by the watch, because a French brig was going between us and the sand. Another moment, by the Lord, and she'd have been safe on, when one of our mates cries out, 'Helm a starboard!' and she was off it. We asked him afterwards, but he couldn't tell why he cried out—he couldn't help it."

I thought to myself of the old story of the dumb boy speaking, and of the natural outcry of the heart; but I said nothing.

"When the Goodwin lighthouse sends up a rocket we know it is time to go off, for some ship is in distress, and off we bundles. Often and often the men in the Goodwin light-ship, who mayn't, whatever happens, leave to help any wreck, hear the drowning men a singing out, though they are two miles off. Sometimes when we get out we finds the ship a bumping and bumping, and driving and tearing, and the sand all in a boil round them, and the waves ripping off their copper."

"Great moment," says Parkins, leaning forward with the strained tiller-ropes in his hands, his nautical straw hat and blue ribbon on one side, his spectacles in a glass stare of expectation, his cigar going out in his hand; "the joy of saving a human life, the transport and tears of gratitude!"

"Not they," says Coxen, winking at a passing gull; "not a bit of it. Last December twelvemonth as ever was, will you believe me, gentlemen, a vessel had gone down, and we was patrolling, as you or I might do, round the Goodwin, looking out for stray ensks or an anker of brandy, or summut of that sort. Well, we heard a scream, and went up and found a man clinging to a spar. We went up and picked up a young Frenchman, who had been clinging there nine hours, till his hands would scarcely come straight again. He had washed off once, and made his way to it again. Well, we got him up, and then we picked up the captain. We nursed them up, and rubbed them, and gave 'em clothes and some rum, and I'll be hanged, next day when we met them in High-street, if they would even speak to us; but, then, there is one thing, they was parley voos."

"Do you find them on their knees," asked Parkins, timidly.

"We never find them praying, or shrieking, or nothing; sometimes they have been a drinking, and, in that case, often they won't leave the wessel, say what you will, and swear and curse at you."

"And what do you do," said Parkins, "in these distressing circumstances?"

"Do?" said Coxen, indignantly, as if all pity for anything but a family who had lost their property through want of learning was wasted—"do, young gentleman? why, leave 'em alone—leastwise if it is the master or capten; if it is only a common sailor, the rest force him into the boat—generally."

"Do they cheer," says Parkins the enthusiastic, "when they see the gallant fellows coming to their rescue?"

"Not they. What has ever put such things into your head?" said Coxen. "I never touches 'em either, till we have made a regular bargain what we're to get, or our damage wouldn't be much. Generally the leak is coming in hot and fast on them, for a vessel gets above its mast-head in the Goodwins, in three tides, and they want us at the pumps, and tremenjus hard they work us, and then sometimes won't give us even a Schnapps over. 'What for you English talk always so much about Schnapps? I no Schnapps for you.' They are of all sorts: some think nothing at all about it, others again cut it close and niggardly—there's where it is; and when the salvage money comes it has to be divided among a many hands. We saved a ship last year, a German emigrant vessel from Bremen, and got four hundred pound for it in the Salvage Court, and the Admiralty don't allow money as isn't well earned, and I got only thirty-five pound out of it. Unlucky vessel that was, too; dang if it didn't run against Dippington pier trying to come in! Well, all her goods were taken out and reshipped for Bremen. Back they went, and came here again in another vessel, and dang if that didn't rasp the same place and all but go down, too! There is a luck about some things."

"Were these Germans grateful?" said I.

"They were that," said Coxen, bending Titanically to his oar; "they hidolised me sure-ly. Wouldn't leave nohow; and if I went into a public-house they all came too, and stopped till I got up to go."

I pointed to some gulls, looking like specks of froth thrown from a wave, that were dipping and wheeling round the sole of an old shoe that was tied to a pole in the river to mark the practicable current. The "leather," as it is called, alternating with "twigs," placed in, probably, just as they were in King Canute's time.

Coxen looked at the wild birds with the tender eye of a farmer looking at his own poultry. "Yes," said he, "they don't come much here till the winter; in the summer they keep out at sea. Lord! you should see them stalking about the Goodwin Sands" (Coxen mostly spoke of them as the Goodins) "at low water, as large as fowls, looking out for drowned men."

"Have you ever been to London, Coxen?"

"Yes," said Coxen. "When I goes I like to see Hastley's and the Monymment, and the theaytres. Lord!" (tucking the oar again chattily under his left leg), "how the gents as come down here do like to get out of that suffocating place! 'Coxen,' says they to me, 'how glad I am to get out of that filthy London!' What with the bugs and rats, I think they has a hard time of it; and all I wonder is, with the jamming of houses and people, they escape being smothered."

From this our conversation turned to rats, about which I told Coxen the story of how, in George the First's time, the brown rat came from Norway, and, killing all the indigenous black rats, conquered the country. But Coxen, putting aside this story, would have it that London was the centre of all rats as well as of all evil. "There was a craft," said he, "the Simon Taylor, laden with sugar, as struck and was sinking just as me and my mates was a coming up in our lugger. One of us stuck his crowbar in the coating of the mast, and found the ship was choke-full of rats all under where the wedges of the mast was. I tell you what, sir, those rats will get so numerous that the sailors have to put victuals and drink for them reg'lar, or they eat the very planks through. They'll eat the horn buttons off the sailors' jackets, and the thick skin off the heels of the men as they lie in their hammocks."

A broad vein of dull purple, here spreading through the light chrysolite green of the sea, arrested Coxen's weather eye, who declared, as it moved along, that it must be a "school" of mackerel. It proved to be only the flying shadow of a grey cloud, but it was sufficient to turn the conversation on fishing, for, just at that moment, row after row of floating cork, branded with the letters of their owners' names, indicating sunk lobster-pots, brought us on to some busy boats of fishermen, who were drawing up the net cages, weighted with flints, inside which hung strings of dead plaice.

A word of mine about the fishing cormorants of China and the chance of taming the fishing eagle, led Coxen to curious revelations of the fish world; about the devil-fish, the jelly-fish, the fiddle-fish (shaped like the butt of a fiddle), the stotter, and especially the dog-fish, the special enemy of the fishermen of Dippington and everywhere else.

"Lord!" says Coxen, "you should see how them dog-fish tear bits out of the net, and swallow the lobster-nets right down in their hurry to get at the fish. I don't mean the piggy-dogs, the fellows all over prickles like, but the spur-dogs, the largest ones. The fishermen know when they are coming, they can smell 'em a long way off, when the dogs are coming in packs after the whittings, they are so oily and ranky. Why, I saw one just now on the pier as we pushed off that one could not bear one's nose near. They're as bad as the gannet, that the sailors declare lift up the net for each other to get the herrings out."

Here we sighted two Hastings fishing-luggers in which a crew of sturdy giants in orangy blouses, under their black patched and tawny sails, were uproariously shouting and rejoicing at having secured a boat and a half, fourteen thousand herrings, in one night.

This event having passed, we returned to the dog-fish, just as our boat passed a ruined castle on a cliff, whose broken towers cut dark against the great shining disc of the setting sun.

I inquired if the whiting were a peculiarly timid fish.

"That's right," said Coxen, dipping his oar in the water to try the depth; "they run from them dog-fish like a rat from a dog, or a mouse from a cat. You see, sir, the herrings are too fast for them till the nets stop them, so that directly they come up to the nets they gap at them; so when they do catch these customers the mentake and cut them up piecemeal, or stretch them across with a spritsail-yard. Same witherabs. Don't you buy those red prawns they hawks about, they're only bastard shrimps. We have no prawns; they've left the coast these twenty year. I can remember when I used to go on the main head and pass the net up the weeds off the pier, and hear them rustle in—a good basketful. The haddock, too, has left the coast. I don't know whether their food is gone, or how it is. I remember when they were a dozen for a shilling in these parts."

These parts meant Splashington beach, which was, by this time, scraping our keel.

ROWING AT DIPPINGTON.

The greatest jealousy exists between the people of Dippington and those of the adjoining watering-place of Splashington, "The Splashington people," according to Coxen, "are all bounce—awful bounceable they are, surely. Their boats are allays the best and the fastest, and when a gentleman asks them to have a nip of grog, they allays mention a shilling's worth."

"Bragging fellows?"

"That's right. Splashington for pluck, is their cry, and Dippington for money." Coxen had never seen the like of them, he hadn't.

Indeed, there had once been a regatta at Dippington, and he (Coxen) had to pick his crew, and he chose two Splashington men who was good hands, they was; but they came after a boosing party of three days, during which they had eaten scarcely anything, and so lost. "Oh, they were a queer lot, they were, at Splashington—no account at all."

Now came Parkins's rowing lesson.

"Keep time, sir; no chopping like a man-of-war's-man—hands closer together, sir—oar more aft, sir—now well home!"

The "well home" consisted in Parkins's missing the surface of the water, "catching a crab," and being nearly knocked off his seat.

More directions, to Parkins's confused and troubled mind: "Dip your oar a little deeper in the water, sir—to the end of the blade! It is no

exertion if you lean well back, and then pull the oar home—well home.

Coxen might be right, and rowing may be no exertion, but Parkins certainly at that moment looked as if it was. His coat was off, his braces undone, his face a vivid carmine.

Steer straight, sir, for the Belly View Tavern—keep time, sir, or it's no use—the faster you go, you see, the worse you does. Now, one—two!"

And so we returned to Dippington.

A BOOK.

It is one of the numerous festivals kept in honour of the Madonna, we will suppose. The scene, a hill village among the Apennines, which the traveller crosses between Ancona and the Eternal City, not very far from either of those grand marts of sacerdotal tromperie, the "Holy House of Loreto," and Assisi, the birth and burial place of the great Mendicant, St. Francis. The village consists of one rudely paved street, at one end of which is the only substantial-looking house in the place, the walls of which were covered with numerous placards, all headed with an ill-printed representation of the Papal arms, and the ever-present symbolical keys. This house, in short, is the bodily presentment of civil government in Querceto, as our village shall be called. Two or three remarkably dingy and ill-looking officials are yawning on a bench at the open door, and occasionally exchanging with the peasants scraps of dirty-white paper, half printed, half written on, and covered with grit, for certain payments of cash counted out with long and difficult process of calculation in coins of infinitesimal value. What the designation of this department may be, I know not; but it is evident that "government," in Querceto, means paying cash. Half-way up the street two pairs of Papal gendarmes are sauntering along the middle of the causeway. They are tall, good-looking fellows, and the only well-dressed and apparently well-fed individuals the eye can rest on in the place. At the other and upper end of the village, which runs up a steep hill, is the church, with its principal front facing down the street. The great door is open, and looks, as seen from the blazing sunlight of the street, like the yawning mouth of a dark cavern, at the far end of which are seen a number of symmetrically disposed twinkling little stars of rather lurid light. They are the altar candles. The four or five priests, who have to get such living as they may out of the poverty of this little community, are busily at work in the church. It is their harvest-day. Two are saying mass at the high altar, one at a side altar, and one sitting half concealed in a very tumble-down little box, hearing confessions. A penitent is kneeling on either side of the box, with his face close to the little grating which gives communication with the holy father inside; and a long train are waiting their turn to con-

[Charles Dickens.]

fess. Numerous strong-boxes, with small slits in their covers, are fixed in various conspicuous spots of the building; and inscriptions above them explain that the money to be dropped into them is "for the altar of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows;" "for the souls in purgatory;" "for the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary" (who seems to have "no connexion with the other" lady on the opposite side of the nave); "for the altar of the blessed St. Antony of Padua," and such-like other necessitous personages and purposes.

Almost the whole population of the village and the neighbouring hills is gathered in and in front of the church. The men wear blue frieze coats with short square-cut tails, dark-green velvet breeches, thick home-knit woollen stockings, and dust-coloured buckled shoes. The smarter among them add to this costume a scarlet waistcoat. The women have long blue linsey-woolsey gowns, tied round them immediately below the armpits, and the square-folded napkin on the head, which especially marks the female peasant of the Roman States. But these are the aristocracy of the congregation. Around the door of the church are a crowd, of much wilder and rougher appearance—shepherds from the hills, bare-footed and bare-legged, and clad in jackets made of the skins of their flocks, hairy-faced and shaggy-breasted men, whose only covering is a hempen shirt, and breeches of the same material; and women in rags, making no claim to any describable form or colour. This sort of supplementary congregation extends far down the street, and a long line of devotees are kneeling, rank behind rank, down the middle of it, composed mostly of women, but tailing off into a party of half-naked, Murillo-like children, all duly kneeling, with hands upraised in the attitude of prayer, but every now and then momentarily withdrawn from supplication, to administer a punch or a slap to a neighbour worshipper.

In the midst of all this crowd, on one side of the great church door, and backed against the wall of the building, is the temporary stall of the itinerant vendor of devotional appurtenances. A few planks on trestles, arranged into a long counter, and two or three uprights at either end, support a light penthouse roof, necessary for protecting the goods and their proprietor from the sun. The counter is covered with a coarse white cloth, and displays a variety of commodities. The dealer is a long, lank, unwholesome-looking, greasy-parchment-skinned man, dressed in brown-black habiliments, either made in humble imitation of the sacristan style, or from the cast-off spoils of some of his ecclesiastical friends and patrons. He sits at one end of his long counter, and his fingers, which seem to need no supervision from his eyes for the work, are, with the aid of a pair of pincers, busily engaged in the manufacture of rosaries out of brass wire and little wooden beads. The conditions of the trade require that the articles should be sold at a very few halfpence each, and that they should nevertheless afford a profit of more than

cent. per cent.; for, as it may be easily imagined, this has to be shared with the sacerdotal shearers of the flock, whose patronage, both as regards recommendation of his wares and permission to expose them for sale at the door of the sacred edifice, is absolutely necessary to his trade.

Truly extraordinary is the variety of objects which are found to unite the requisite conditions. Little pewter medals, intrinsically worth, perhaps, a penny a dozen, become cheap at a penny a piece when they have absolutely been blessed by the Pope in person. And the most curious fact with regard to these much-coveted talismans, which are sold by thousands to the peasantry, is that, for the most part, they really have been blessed as warranted. In irreverent heretic minds the suspicion would arise that it would be found easier and just as effective to say that they had been blessed. But the little bits of pewter actually have been blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff. Then there are abundance of little crucifixes cast in mixed metal of various colours: an article of which more particulars might in all probability be heard at Birmingham. Vile woodcuts, some coarsely daubed with paint, representing some saint with a hatchet sticking in his skull, or the naked bodies of half a dozen men and women standing in sheets of flame up to the middle, or the Madonna appearing in gorgeous coloured raiment to some favoured worshipper, contribute largely to the stock in trade. Rosaries are a great article. The most costly objects consist of little waxen dolls reclining on beds of white wool in glass-topped boxes surmounted by a cross; ornamented metal holy-water vases for hanging up at the bed head; and larger crucifixes for nailing as charms against the house door. Then there is the literature, of which one little book I buy is a choice specimen. And for all these articles—notwithstanding the payments at the placard-covered house at the opposite end of the village, notwithstanding the numerous begging-boxes inside the church, and notwithstanding bare feet, bare legs, and very poorly furnished cupboards at home—there is a brisk sale.

Such was the sort of scene which was going on when and where I bought "A Book," the existence of which I humbly think it wholesome that some in England should know of.

My book is entitled, "Copy of a Prayer found in the Sepulchre of our Lord in Jerusalem." It is printed at Rome "by superior permission," but without date. It is a misnomer to call it a prayer—which it is not, in any sense. A few lines of preface state that it was preserved—after having been found at Jerusalem, it is to be supposed—"by his Holiness and by Charles the Fifth in their oratories, in boxes of silver." The author seems to consider the present pontiff and Charles the Fifth contemporaries; but this is, probably, only a slip of the pen.

The work opens thus. "Saint Elizabeth,

Queen of Hungary, Saint Matilda, and Saint Bridget, being anxious to know some particulars of the Passion—I omit the great name that follows here—"made especial prayer, in answer to which" the Divine Teacher, whose great name I omit again, "appeared to them, speaking to them as follows."

The text proceeds (I translate it with scrupulous and literal exactness) thus: "My beloved servants, know that the armed soldiers were an hundred and twenty-five in number. Those who led me, when I was bound, were thirty-three. The executioners were thirty-three. The blows which they gave me on the head were thirty. When I was taken in the garden, to make me get up from the ground, they gave me an hundred and five kicks. The blows given by the hand on my head and on my breast were an hundred and sixty-eight. I received eighty blows on the shoulders. I was dragged with cords and by the hair twenty-three times. The spittings on my face were thirty in number; stripes, six thousand six hundred and sixty-six. On my body I received an hundred wounds, and an hundred on my head. They gave me a thrust, which was mortal. I remained on high on the cross, by the hair, two hours. At one time I breathed forth an hundred and twenty-nine sighs. I was dragged by the beard twenty-three times. The pricks of the thorns on my head were an hundred. Mortal punctures on the forehead were three. The wounds which I received from a thousand soldiers who conducted me, were five hundred and eight. They who guided me were three. The drops of blood which I shed were four thousand three hundred and eighty."

"To any person who will recite seven Paters and seven Aves, for the space of twelve successive years, to make up the number of the drops of blood which I shed, and who shall live like a good Christian, I grant five boons."

The five boons are set forth as follows:

"1. Plenary indulgence, and remission of all sins.

"2. He shall be free from the pains of purgatory.

"3. If he should die before completing the twelve years, it shall be all the same as if he had completed them.

"4. He shall be as if he were a martyr, or had shed his blood for the holy faith.

"5. I will come down from heaven to earth for his soul, and for those of his relatives to the fourth generation."

These are the advantages to be obtained by the twelve years' Paters and Aves. But these promises do not by any means comprise all the benefits obtainable from this incomparable half-pennyworth of letter-press. The wonderful book proceeds as follows:

"Whoever shall carry this Orazione about him shall not die by drowning, or by other disastrous end, nor by sudden death. He shall escape from contagion, from the pestilence, from being struck by lightning; and he shall not die without confession. He shall be freed

from his enemies, from the pursuit of justice" (a great temptation this to certain likely classes of purchasers) "and from all malevolent and false witnesses. Women in childbed, having this about them, shall be immediately delivered, and shall be out of all danger. In the houses where there shall be a copy of this Orazione, there shall be no treachery or other evil things; and forty days before his death (I translate literally, and without omission) he shall see the blessed Virgin Mary."

Who would not spend a halfpenny on such terms, even if it were his last? It is not necessary, observe, even to read a word of the miraculous little book. That might exclude a large number of purchasers from the market. But, neither will one copy—except in the case of that household copy which is to protect an entire family, from each other apparently—serve for more than one individual. The talisman must be carried about the person.

The book concludes with an anecdote explanatory and exemplificatory of its operation; and a remarkably strong case of its efficacy under difficult circumstances has been selected.

"A certain captain, while travelling, saw a head which had been cut from the body. That decapitated head spoke. It said, 'Since you are going to Barcelona, O traveller, bring me a confessor that I may confess myself; for three days ago I was killed by thieves and assassins, and I am not able to die without confessing myself.' A confessor having been conducted to that spot by the captain, the living head confessed itself, and then forthwith died. And this Orazione was found upon it."

Now is it not matter for sadness in all true men, whatever their creeds or opinions, to find an European government, at this period of the world's civilisation, shutting out from its people the rudiments of real instruction, and providing them with such mental food as this? Providing them with it, and selecting it for them; for, the system of press censorship and supervision of the vendors of such articles, which is most strictly enforced in the Papal States, saddles the government with this responsibility. Is it not evident that a people among whom such statements and promises can find acceptance, must be far from any conception of real Christianity? Indeed, 'tis is abundantly well known to those who are acquainted with those populations. Englishmen at home who have beloved acquaintances and friends among English Catholics (as we all have), and who justly respect and honour them, are apt to think that it is mere odium theologicum and exaggerated Protestant sectarian fanaticism, which can assert that numbers of the Catholic populations of Central and Southern Italy are in fact pagan in sentiment, idea, and practice. But they are, too often and in great masses, to all effects and purposes, whether moral, religious, or intellectual, as much pagans as when their fathers sacrificed pigeons to Juno and Ceres, instead of sacrificing candles to one Madonna, specially powerful over one class of

events, at one altar, and to another Madonna, good for influencing a different sort of matters, at another altar.

NORVELL,
550 Jeff Ave.

My godfathers and godmothers at my baptism gave me the cognomen of John—my whole name is simply John Mooner, not a hard name to write, or read when written; also, I should think—and I am an unprejudiced man—not hard to remember, but, what is easy for many, seems, in certain localities, by no means so. I am addicted to grumbling, so my wife says, and that excellent woman is always right—at least so she makes out. I may have an opinion of my own on the subject, but that is neither here nor there. I won't deny that I have my grievances, and feel that the only vent for them is by grumbling; besides, it's my privilege; I enjoy it in common with every Englishman, and it is not one that I feel disposed to give up. Now, I have had something on my mind for a very considerable time. Mrs. Mooner says she is tired of hearing about it; the subject is interdicted at the family breakfast-table, and I feel that my only resource is to make public the great wrong that I have suffered, and I am certain that the justice of my complaint will be acknowledged by every one!

Not a long time ago business took me to town, and, hoping to be able to return to the country almost immediately, I put up at the Great Centrifugal Railway Hotel, of which I had heard much, and I considered it would suit my purpose very well for the limited period of my stay in London. I arrived—engaged a room, the number of which was 186—sent my luggage up, and started on my business—found that I should have to remain a couple of days at least, but, congratulating myself on getting into such good quarters, rather rejoiced than otherwise! I strolled into the coffee-room at about one o'clock, looked around for anything in the shape of a waiter, but not a soul was to be seen! I am a stout man, require a good deal of nourishment, and as regularly as the sun goes round the earth so do I, at half-past one, have a mutton chop and a pint bottle of beer. But on the present occasion I gazed at what I may term vacancy. Finely painted walls, covered with representations of vases of flowers, fruits, game of all sorts, hanging up most temptingly within reach; magnificent damsels in not too much clothing, with unmeaning smiles on their faces, which seemed to invite one to partake of the delicacies of which they apparently were the guardian angels; enormous windows, with not much of a look out, though; tables, chairs, knives and forks, tumblers and napkins, with all the usual array commonly seen in a respectable coffee-room; but there were no attendants, and I suppose I may ask, without appearing cynical, what earthly use all these fine things are when I can't get any one to bring me what I want. If I had not been hungry I might have enjoyed all this display, but, being so, its only

effect on me was to increase my appetite, and, as I had only had a cup of tea and a bit of toast at about half-past seven, I considered that I had a perfect right to something more substantial at half-past one. Of course, it's always the way, I had no time to get anything fit to eat when I left home. Mrs. Mooner did not make her appearance till ten minutes before I left, and when I ventured to complain, told me I was always grumbling, and if I had only told her the night before that I was going by the early train, everything would have been ready, and as it was, she did not know I was going at all! I told her in reply that she ought to have known, and that any wife of common sense would have done so! Grumbling, indeed! I think I may well grumble.

I now tried the bells, and went round the room pulling them one by one, as each seemed to fail in bringing any waiter up. I have reason to believe that they were constructed on a new principle, for when pulled, they, instead of sounding a good peal, gave out but one solitary ting! and, after keeping pretty well at this fatiguing work, I began to wish myself fairly back with Mrs. Mooner. I found out afterwards that there was not the slightest objection to any one ringing—not the slightest! You might ring as often as you liked; but as to anything like an answer to the summons that was another thing! Eventually an individual in a white tie sidled up, asking if I had rung. Too hungry to waste words, and bridling my impatience, I simply remarked that I had applied my digits fourteen times to the white nobs stuck in the walls, and should feel glad if something could be brought immediately. Waiter asks for my number. "Number!" said I; "what number?"

"Number of your room, sir?"

"Oh, 186. Mr. Mooner." He rapidly retires to a side door, and informs some one who is shrouded in a most mysterious darkness, that "186 'ull take p'int bottle o' beer, mutt'n chop, 'nd pertaties." Mark this, I beg! Not Mr. Mooner would take this or that—but 186! I waited no less than twenty-three and a half minutes before it was brought, and then the chop was raw, and the potatoes like brick-bats! Satisfactory, certainly; but what was the use of complaining? My eye fell on a "carte." Mechanically taking it up, I read at the foot a notice to the effect that, if any one was kept waiting more than a quarter of an hour after ordering anything, would they kindly inform the manager? Of course I would—he should hear all about it. And I dare say I might have done something in that way, but I perceived the room was full, and almost every one was in much the same plight as myself, so I bottled my anger, and, walking out, inquired of the hall porter if there were any letter for me?

"186, I think, sir? No; there's none." I thought that he probably did not know my name, though, as he was well informed as to my number, he ought to have done so; however, I left my card, and went out. On my return, I was met at the door by the same individual, who began,

"186, I think, sir" (he always said "I think,

NORVELL,
550 Jeff Ave.

sir," as if he didn't know it); "there's a gentleman been calling for you—left his card—sent it to your room, sir." I mildly inquired for the name? Porter did not know—would ask—did ask—in the following manner:—"Stephen! what was the gemman's name as called on 186?" I could stand it no longer, and went up-stairs. Why was I to be thus deprived of the euphonious name which had descended unblemished from father to son through many generations? I objected to being ticketed in this way; I still object; what right has any man to call me by the number of my room, I should like to know? It was intolerable; I felt I was a marked man. I was henceforth to take my place among felons in grey clothes, with chains round their legs, with their badge and number placed where every one could see it. I might just as well have 186 written on my back. Can any one tell me what objection there can be to call me by my own name? Mrs. Mooner, with that perversity which, I am sorry to say, is a distinguishing mark of her character, tells me that I'm putting myself into a passion about nothing, and it's quite necessary in a large establishment to adopt numbers. Such nonsense! I don't deny that it's all very well to chalk one's number on the boots, and—But what do women know about these things? as I said to Mrs. M., when she replied, with a slight acclivity of tone, that she didn't want to hear any more about it. So I asked her if she had ever been called "186?" which, I rather think, settled the question, for she walked straight out of the room. Well, I won't deny I was terribly disgusted, and what did not put me into a better temper was, that I did not find the waiter as civil as I might have done. I should like to know what right they had to congregate on the landing, and laugh as I went by? Is that civility? But what can one expect when every one is ticketed like a prize ox? 186!

Dinner came, and it was the same repetition of insults as before. Waiter, who is a mild man in appearance, but possessed of a voice of great power, demands in a soft whisper if I will have any wine? I assent, and hint that I should like it directly, hoping that it may make its appearance before I have quite finished, and am startled by hearing it shouted out that "186 'ull take 'arf a pint of sherry, and is in a 'urry." But why need I go on? It is too melancholy! I fell into a desponding state, and soon after I had finished, retreated hastily into the reading-room, which, in my distraction, I took for the smoking-room, and no sooner lighted a cigar than I was ignominiously turned out by an officious waiter. Finding my way to the proper apartment, and sinking into an easy-chair, I fell into a dreamy, unconscious stupor, the smoke gradually ceased to issue in graceful curls from my mouth, and ere long I was fast asleep. With the rapidity with which scenes in sleep only pass before the

vision, I found myself at one time driving a cab about the streets—the number of my badge "186!" which badge I had to show every five minutes. The cab seemed to fly faster—I was a railway official—a ticket collector—my number was still 186! Arriving at the destination of the train, I found myself transferred to some line regiment, my "general number," by some extraordinary fatality, was 186! This was evidently my number—I was 186, and 186 was John Mooner. I groaned under the oppression, till, turning like the worm that has been trodden on, and committing some misdemeanour, I was drummed out of the army, and made a felon for life! It is needless to add that my number was the same! I know not what eventually I might not have become, but one day some gunpowder blew up and sent me into the wet dock close by, at least it appeared so to me, though I am glad to say it was only a ridiculous waiter, who, in opening a bottle of soda-water, which he declared I had ordered, had allowed the cork to fly out with a noise like a sky-rocket, and for fear that that would not have been sufficient to wake me, had obligingly directed it towards me. The consequence was that my hat was knocked off my head, and I was wet through. Starting up, I spluttered forth my anger, asking what he meant by his abominable clumsiness? His only reply was:

"Soda-water, sir? 186, I think, sir."

"No, sir—no soda-water, sir! I never ordered any!" I thundered out.

"Beg pard'n, sir. Soda-water for 186, sir—ordered to bring it up."

What was the use of arguing the matter? So I drank what there was left, and determining to have it all out on paper, said not another word, and left the room.

I don't wish to bore any one, and if I say too much I may, so I only add that on retiring to rest I was astonished, not to say alarmed, at the very small size of the bed. The pillow, also, was evidently wasting away, probably from an attack of atrophy, while the covering was ridiculous in quantity and texture. I passed a most fearful night; to say that I slept would be simply playing with the truth. I left the hotel next morning—business or no business—I am back again in the bosom of my family, and shall take very good care never to go to the Great Centrifugal Railway Hotel again.

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